A VARIETY OF NOVELTIES

MIRIAM COLLINS in "FIXING SISTER"

IVY SAWYER in "BETTY"

JANET BEECHER in "UNDER SENTENCE"

CATHLEEN NESBITT in "HUSH"

GLADYS WYNNE with the Washington Square Players.

FLORENCE SHIRLEY in "BUNKER BEAN"

By LAWRENCE REAMER.

THE protagonist of "The Intruder," which Cyril Harcourt wrote and Cohan & Harris are offering to the New York public at their theatre, is a thief who does not speak a word until the second act, although he appears for a brief scene in the earlier division of the play. Just when the conventionality of the story of the menage a trois threatens to suffocate all life out of the play, this refreshing character returns to the action. He has come to offer to the lover of the woman whose husband he has robbed the fruits of his theft at a small price in comparison with its value. The numbers of the bank notes have been published and they are therefore useless to him. So the lover pays him the money but refuses to shake hands with the thief. It is only when that same thief gives him back the money because the police have arrested him and he is without funds that his generosity earns a handshake for him. Then the thief departs.

He departs, moreover, never to return again, which is the unluckiest thing possible for the play. Had he returned in the last act and explained the relation he bore to the other characters which the action of the piece demanded and had he in some way connected himself with the unhappiness of the two lovers, had he, moreover, provided some way out of their complication, "The Intruder" would have been just as tense and engrossing in the last act as it had been in the two others. But the interesting thief proved after all to be a mere episode in the play in no way woven into its thread. There was inevitably nothing but the lovers to hold the interest of the spectators in the final scenes. A marriage between them was impossible, the play ended on an unresolved chord and the audience wondered why the amusing burglar had not been brought back. Unluckily Mr. Harcourt's ingenuity was not equal to devising any such plausible way out of the blind alley into which he had led his men and the woman they loved.

"The Intruder" in spite of its close and scientific construction of separate scenes seems therefore like a play which had begun at the wrong end. If Mr. Harcourt had developed his fiction from the last scene backward he would never have left the loose ends of his story so hopelessly disentangled. To leave a husband seated for a second in silent study of the situation, then to have him free his wife's lover and again relapse into silence that seems to indicate forgiveness for the wife—that is indeed an impotent close to such a feverish bit of fiction as the preceding acts are.

Had the author followed the method which Gustav Freytag so skilfully analyzes in the case of "Kabale und Liebe" there could never have been such an unsatisfactory conclusion. No author could ever start to write a play from the posture of circumstances which closes "The Intruder." Suppose a playwright should say that a judge having been deceived by his wife and her lover having been arrested as a thief, he would write a play to show the incidents which led to this event. Where in the world would the point of departure be in such a situation? Yet were the man sent to prison and the woman found dead there might have been something to inspire the imagination. Something really has happened that will have a permanent effect in the lives of those three people. But as the author of "The Intruder" ends his play to-day it is no more than an anecdote.

Dramatically it is a very skilfully narrated anecdote for two-thirds of the time. That is not to be denied, and the speed of its progress is fortunate since the total lack of propriety in the speech of the characters would be fatal were the action more deliberate. Imagine Frenchmen supposed to move in the highest circles of Paris society constantly saying that "it's up" to one person or another. In the use of such a convention as foreigners talking the language of another nation on the stage it is not of course possible to demand any resemblance to the medium which might have been thought to be the original speech of the characters. It is well, however, to avoid the most pronounced slang and idioms of another tongue.

William Collier ought to act *Bob Acres*. His moments of perplexed cowardice in "Nothing But the Truth" at the Longacre Theatre suggests more than once that he would be admirable in the character. Mr. Collier's artistic method is quite as well developed as that of any of his predecessors on the American stage. He rarely has an opportunity to exhibit what he can do, since his recent appearances have been in George Cohan's burlesques.

It was one of the compensations of the older actors who managed to impress themselves on theatrical history that they had occasional opportunities to play important characters in the contemporary dramas or those which, like the dramas of Sheridan or Goldsmith, had just ceased to be contemporaneous. Probably, like Mr. Collier, they spent much of their time in burlesque which was not in all probability to be compared to the witty efforts of Mr. Cohan to-day. But there was also the so-called classic repertoire in which they could act at other times. Thus was their pride as artists satisfied and there was also the chance to show what they could accomplish in more ambitious fields.

If Mr. Collier had possessed the same talent and the same finished method years ago, he would have probably put all the classic roles to his credit and found himself famous as a light comedian. As it is he is quite incomparable to-day in the ability to denote the cool as a cucumber type of hero or delineate the sufferings of a coward who has to do something of which he is afraid, just as he does in the comedy at the Longacre Theatre. That an actor so much too mature for the role is able to act it so well is ample evidence of Mr. Collier's great skill in his art.

Sari Petrass is a type of operetta divette altogether unknown here. She is not only pretty to look at and able to sing well enough for the purposes of the composer but she is an uncommonly delicate actress. In every pose and gesture she shows that she has the technique of her metier at her finger ends. Nothing could be more graceful than the manner in which she makes her exit from the stage, which was shown particularly in her duet with George MacFarlane. Altogether her finish as a player is something which is rarely found among our own comediennes. Usually the local audience will be satisfied with blue eyes and yellow curls and ability to do a few steps in the so-called "modern" dances which have come to seem so very ancient now. Miss Petrass has quite enough beauty to satisfy the most exigent critic and she dances as gracefully as one could desire. Then she has the polished method of an actress who was engaged on a much more important task than merely illustrating the significance of the casual librettist's speeches. She is as much of an artist in her line as her distinguished relative, Ilka Palmay, who was for so many years preeminent in her own country and in central Europe.

There is something uncommonly interesting from the psychological point of view in the aspect of a first night audience under the divulgence of a Maugham play. Usually these dramas arrive here with the renown of long London success. The continuance of these triumphs on their native heath is largely apochryphal in the majority of cases. But there is enough vitality in the tradition to impress the first night public with the idea that a masterpiece is about to be disclosed. So the faithful sit tight in expectation of the approaching revelation of the great wit of this author.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the first night audience in New York is not a death watch. It is in the theatre to be amused. It will laugh with the slightest provocation. It wants to have a good time. So the first few impotent attempts at smartness in talk evoke a half apologetic smile. As the actors grow more emphatic and try to point the cackle from time to time, the snickers begin to come uneasily. Then the spectators are likely to glance about surreptitiously to ascertain if their appreciation is expressed in the right place. As the action or perhaps the movement grows more animated and the players, in the hope of some sort of a response, begin to throw themselves about a bit, the audience laughs right out boldly.

"Bring on your smart London comedy," it seems to say, "we are as well able to understand it as the English public. We can laugh, too, with the best of them."

And there are occasional cachinations from the friendly henchmen in the rear seats. These explode at the slightest provocation like obliging fireworks. Yet after a while the entire pretence of the whole business becomes too evident. Keeping up the houp-la is such obviously hard work that the reaction sets in after the most important act, whether it be the second, as in "Caroline," or the third, as in some others.

The popular players are applauded as they always are on first nights, for even the most discouraged gathering then looks out for something to spend its friendly feeling on. There is a little more scattering applause, the laughs grow infrequent. Fatigue is eloquently expressed in their tonal quality. The last curtain falls. The weary audience retires despondently, having once again been delighted and dazzled by one of those wonderfully clever, witty plays that come from London. Most of them then involuntarily wonder when George M. Cohan is going to have a new revue.

The examples of London wit most frequently quoted in the play now on view at the Empire Theatre are the doctor's questions to the middle aged heroine. Does she not observe that the policemen are all younger than they used to be, are not the younf persons more rowdy at the balls than they were and are you not now content to go home at 1 o'clock?

In order that the spectators may not be altogether dazzled by these pyrotechnics and lose all control of themselves, a voice at intervals calls out, "My hat! My hat!"

Is that some example of prevailing London slang, or is it more wit?

The two authors of "Arms and the Maid," Grant Stewart and Robert Baker, did not carry out the expectations of the audience which observed this bright little play at the Fulton Theatre the other night. In this particular case the deus ex machina of the enforced marriage was a German General, although other equally effective means have many times been provided in the past to bring about the same situation. After the marriage the young couple was evidently to be forced into the arms of one another. But nothing of this kind happened. The spectators preparing for such consequences to the opening scenes were probably disappointed a little, but there was a view of the heroine silhouetted against a window blind to add some element of piquancy to the proceedings of the second act. But that could not be said to meet with the same success that a somewhat more logical pursuit of the premises.

The inevitable scenes of the comedy demanded that the two young persons who are married not because they love one another, but because they were compelled to wed, should be made to undergo an intimacy which is distasteful to comparative strangers. The authors, however, did not care to follow this inevitable development of the plot. They took refuge in disguising a man as a housekeeper and sending him off to escape in that way. So, of course, what the audience had expected did not arrive. Maybe the public will in the future forgive the authors for disappointing them in the turn of the story. But it is certain that the first night gathering did not overlook the change in its plainly indicated course.

WHERE TO DANCE.

"The Bull Ring" at Castles in the Air, on the roof of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, has developed into a popular midnight rendezvous for the sun dodgers. It begins its second week to-morrow night. The programme includes a travesty on "Carmen" and a lot of clever midnight entertainers.

The New Amsterdam Roof opens to-morrow night with two performances of the new Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. The new decorations are by Joseph Urban, the frolic is by Gene Buck and Dave Stamper and it is staged by Ned Wayburn. The new frolic is the fourth of the series and promises to be the best of them all.

The Montmartre continues to offer a diverting entertainment in the evening and is a popular place to dance.

PLAYS TO BE SEEN THIS WEEK.

More Novelties From the Generous Theatre Managers.

The liberal theatre managers of this city are once more to offer playgoers a large number of dramas during the present week. There is a wide variety in the list of works which are offered this week.

Taylor Holmes in "His Majesty Bunker Bean," a dramatization by Lee Wilson Dodd of Harry Leon Wilson's stories of the same name, will be seen to-morrow at the Astor Theatre. The play is presented under the direction of Joseph Brooks.

Bunker Bean is a spineless, diffident young stenographer, wholly lacking assertion and confidence in himself. He believes in reincarnation. After coming into a small inheritance *Bunker* is easily convinced by a scheming psychic faker that his first appearance on earth was as a good and powerful Egyptian king, Ram-Tah. Then follows his mental transformation. He becomes bold and fearless in the business world, acquires wealth and social position and wins the girl of his choice. Even when he learns that the mummy of Ram-Tah he has purchased from the pseudo clairvoyant is a fake, and that there never was such a king, his faith in himself remains and aids him to continued success. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is the keynote to the play.

The dramatist has closely followed the author's story and has preserved the original characters with fidelity. Besides *Bunker* there are *Pons Mops, The Flapper, Grandma, The Demon, The Big Sister, The Greatest Left-handed Pitcher the World Has Ever Known, Bulger, The Lizzie Boy, The Waster* and all the others made familiar to the readers of the stories. In the cast are Taylor Holmes, Florence Shirley, Charles Abbe, Robert Kelly, Lillian Lawrence, Jack Devereaux, Marion Kerby, Clara Louise Moores, Harry C. Power, Walter Sherwin, Grace Peters, Horace Mitchell, Belford Forrest, John Hogan, Annette Westbay and George C. Lyman.

Walter Lawrence will present at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre to-morrow "Backfire," a new melodrama by Stuart Fox. Mary Boland plays the leading role, while other actors in the company are to be Aileen Poe, Frederick Truesdell and Ogden Crane.

To-morrow evening at the Comedy Theatre the regular season of the Washington Square Players will begin. Four one act plays will be presented for the first time. They are "A Merry Death," a harlequinade by Nicholas Evreinov, translated from the Russian by C. E. Bachhofer; "Lovers' Luck," a comedy by Georges de Porto-Riche, translated by Ralph Roeder; "The Sugar House," by Alice Brown, and "Sisters of Susanna," a farce, by Philip Moeller. During the season the Players have promised their subscribers to give at least five bills. They will play every evening and Thursday, Saturday and holiday matinees.

"Rich Man, Poor Man" will be seen at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre to-morrow. It is one of the delights promised last week, but deferred.

Charles Dillingham will open his regular season at the Globe on Tuesday evening with "Betty" from Daly's Theatre, London. Mr. Dillingham's annual musical comedy production at the Globe will have as its star this year Raymond Hitchcock, who returns to New York after a long absence abroad. He did not appear in "Betty" while in London. It was presented at Daly's while he was playing at another theatre. "Betty" is a musical comedy with a story by Frederick Lonsdale and Gladys Unger. The score is by Paul A. Rubens. The Globe chorus, which has something of a reputation to maintain, will surround a cast that includes Ivy Sawyer, Eileen Dennes, Justine Johnstone and Marion Davies. Joseph Santley is in the company, and others are Katherine Stewart, Joseph Herbert and Peter Page.

Selwyn & Co. will present "Under Sentence," a serious play by Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin S. Cobb, at the Harris Theatre on Tuesday. The play deals with a serious subject but is neither sombre nor tragic. The cast includes George Nash, Janet Beecher, George MacQuarrie, Felix Krembs, E. G. Robinson, Frank Morgan, H. W. Pemberton, Lawrence Eddinger, T. P. Gunn, Thomas Mitchell, Joseph Slaytor, George Wright, Jr., John A. Boon, Gerald Oliver Smith and Harry Crosby. The play is in three acts divided into seven episodes.

On Wednesday night Lee Shubert will present at Maxine Elliott's Theatre William Hodge in his new play, "Fixing Sister," a comedy drama of New York life in four acts, by Lawrence Whitman. Miriam Collins, Jane Wheatley, Ida Vernon, Hamilton Dean and others are in the company.

BUSY ALICE BRADY.

Life to Her Is Just One Film After Another.

Alice Brady will not be seen upon the speaking stage for some months to come. Miss Brady has recently declined propositions from Cohan & Harris, Oliver Morosco, John Cort, the Messrs. Shubert and other producing managers, including her father, William A. Brady. The manager last mentioned wanted her for a new play by Owen Davis which he expects to place in rehearsal following the comedy by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, now in preparation; but when Miss Alice had stated her case he was satisfied that it was business wisdom.

"You see," said Miss Brady, "I am going along so famously in the moving pictures that I think it would be poor judgment to interrupt my progress at present. It would be different if I had any considerable time on my hands between productions, for of course a stage hit stimulates the demand in the studios and increases one's value, particularly if that value happens to be a trifle uncertain.

"But this does not apply to my situation at present anyway, I am very happy to say. When one picture is finished I scarcely have time to draw a long breath before another begins. I had only eight hours rest between 'The Gilded Cage' and 'Bought and Paid For,' and now a single day follows the latter before I begin on the next play, which I hear is to be called 'Loneliness.'"

"Good talk so far," commented the paternal counsellor when the vivacious young picture star paused for breath. "Continue."

"Well, you used to tell me to make hay while the sun shone," pursued Miss Brady, "and if ever the skies were bright now is the time. Besides, you have always insisted that a real actress could be made in only one way, and that was through experience."

"Stage experience," interjected Mr. Brady tersely.

"That is all right, too," continued the youthful branch of the Brady family tree. "But what does stage experience amount to as compared with what you get in the pictures? When you are making ready for a stage play you rehearse for a given time, going over the same ground day after day until you are as perfect as you ever will be. Then, full of ambition and excitement, you come up to your first night and perhaps make a big hit.

"Then what happens? You go on doing the same thing in the same way night after night for months—and what do you get out of that?

"Experience? Nothing of the sort. You have ceased to operate your creative faculties and permitted yourself to become a machine—a very fine machine, perhaps, but a machine.

"With the pictures, on the other hand, when you come to your first night you are finished with that particular affair, and you begin all over again upon a totally different proposition. It is just one character after another, one set of requirements following upon the preceding set—constant change.

"You never have a chance to say to yourself, 'Now I have rounded this performance up until it is all right, and will lie back and go through the motions perfunctorily.' When the picture is completed you are done so far as that one goes, and you must be up and doing for the next. There is absolutely no comparison between the two schools, if experience really makes actors and actresses."

"Child," said Mr. Brady, "you are wise beyond your years. Go your way. I will find somebody else for the Owen Davis play, or if he won't stand for that I will get him to hold the production back until you are ready for a vacation from the movies."

THE PLAYS THAT LAST.

Theatres Lacking to Accommodate All the New Plays.

The plays that continue in New York are "The Boomerang" at the Belasco Theatre, "Seven Chances" at the Cohan Theatre, "His Bridal Night" at the Republic Theatre, "Cheating Cheaters" at the Eltinge Theatre, "Turn to the Right" at the Gaiety Theatre, "The Guilty Man" at the Astor Theatre, "The Big Show" at the Hippodrome, "The Flame" at the Lyric Theatre, "Mr. Lazarus" at the Shubert Theatre, "Pierrot the Prodigal" at the Booth Theatre, "Paganini" at the Criterion Theatre, "Nothing But the Truth" at the Longacre Theatre, "The Man Who Came Back" at the Playhouse, "Mister Antonio" at the Lyceum Theatre, "Pollyanna" at the Hudson Theatre, "Caroline" at the Empire Theatre, "The Intruder" at the Cohan and Harris Theatre, "Arms and the Girl" at the Fulton Theatre, "Upstairs and Down" at the Cort Theatre and the Washington Square Players at the Comedy Theatre.

The musical plays which are still on view include "The Passing Show of 1916" at the Winter Garden, "The Girl From Brazil" at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, "Flora ella" at the Casino Theatre, "The Amber Empress" at the Globe Theatre and "Miss Springtime" at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

The photo-play spectacles which continue are: "Civilization" at the Park Theatre and "Intolerance" at the Liberty Theatre.

EVERYBODY LOVES THE CASINO.

That Is the Latest News Through the Wilstachian Tube.

With the multitude of New York theatres, it is rather curious that so few of them, as in the old time, have become "institutions." With the wiping out of the old Union Square, the Lyceum on Fourth avenue and Daly's Theatre our theatrical institutions have become few and far between, like school houses on an Indian reservation. Under the management of Fred Thompson, the Messrs. Shubert and now Charles Dillingham the Hippodrome developed something in this line; something which was staple, which came like the seasons. Under the late Charles Frohman the Empire was an institution. It had, like Daly's and the Union Square, a clientele upon whom the manager could depend for at least an enthusiastic opening. All the dignitaries of the town were present. Theatregoers fought for first night seats and there was an air of stability and expectation which so many of our theatres lack.

The advantage of building up an "institution" is demonstrated by the present vogue of the Winter Garden and the Casino. Both of these theatres are institutions so called of the old sort. Each is confined to a special line of attractions, with the result that when a new piece is announced public expectation is aroused. A first night at the Casino for a quarter of a century or more has been an event. For a quarter of a century or more this theatre has been confined to musical comedy. In short, it is the musical comedy theatre of the town, after the fashion of George Edwardes's Gaiety in London. This policy has been settled and well defined, with the result that this playhouse means something to the theatregoer, and it is generally considered as being one of the most profitable theatrical properties of the metropolis.

In this particular the Winter Garden is one distinct theatrical institution of New York of our time. A new show at the Winter Garden has a distinct meaning to the playgoer. No outside attractions are booked in this playhouse, the output being of a distinct kind and the offerings turned out are by a well organized staff which is regularly employed the year round. The advantage to the producer for building up an institution of this kind is enormous. Not only does he profit by a regular clientele of New York, but the output is well known to theatregoers over the country. Four productions a year are made at the Winter Garden, three of which are kept constantly in the larger cities of the country. When the new show opens at the Winter Garden in October there will be three attractions on the road, "The Passing Show of 1916," Al Jolson in "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," and "A World of Pleasure." Few people appreciate the large number of people employed by a theatre of this kind in making four productions of such large magnitude each season. The number of players employed aggregates, with the musicians, executive and stage staff, upward of 600 people. This does not include the Winter Garden staff, which is employed in the making of productions, including the scenic department, the wardrobe, electrical and property departments. The number of people employed regularly at the Winter Garden in these various capacities often runs as high as 300, which, with the road companies, aggregates nearly 1,000 people. With the opening of the new Comedie Francaise on Forty-fifth street New York will have what might well be called a new theatrical "institution."

THE PLAYS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—The Astor Theatre—Joseph Brooks presents Taylor Holmes in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean."
The Forty-eighth Street Theatre—George Broadhurst presents his play of New York life, "Rich Man, Poor Man."
The Comedy Theatre—The Washington Square Players open their season.
The Thirty-ninth Street Theatre—Walter Lawrence presents "Backfire," a melodrama by Stuart Fox.
TUESDAY—Globe Theatre—Charles Dillingham makes his annual musical production in "Betty," with Raymond Hitchcock as the star.
Harris Theatre—Selwyn & Co. will present "Under Sentence," a drama by Roi C. Megrue and Irving Cobb.
WEDNESDAY—Maxine Elliott's Theatre—The Shuberts present "Fixing Sister," which William Hodges says that Lawrence Whitman wrote for him.

PEG'S CHANGE OF HEART.

She Is Now an Aboriginal Rautendelein.

Until recently New York knew of Peggy O'Neil only as an actress who had made a success touring through the country in "Peg o' My Heart." Now she is known in the metropolis as a gifted young player who is giving a vivid performance as a mystical sort of Indian girl in Richard Walton Tully's "The Flame." From *Peg* to semi-poetical *Maya* is a far cry, and so we asked Miss O'Neil the other day how she liked her new line of work.

"Like it? I adore it!" she exclaimed. "Do you know, I thought I was going to be chained to Irish parts for the rest of my days. Not that I don't like portraying the lively daughters of old Erin, but I was so afraid people were going to think I couldn't do anything else! I had tried for other kinds of parts, but always managers looked quizically at me, shook their heads and handed me the manuscript of some new Irish play. Heavens, how many Irish plays I've read the last three years, enough of them to occupy the boards of every theatre in New York. And I couldn't altogether blame managers, either, for suddenly one day I realized that I had been playing *Peg* so incessantly that I was actually beginning to act and talk like her off the stage.

"And then Mr. Tully came along and gave me the chance I had wanted. He told me he thought I could play another type of girl just as readily as *Peg*. So buoyed by his words I went on a camping trip into the wilds of the northern Michigan woods. There I forgot all about the stage and Irish parts and managers and everything for three whole months. And when I returned to civilization I was overjoyed to find that I had lost my brogue, together with a hundred mannerisms of voice and gesture, a heritage from *Peg* that had fastened itself upon me.

"Then it was that Mr. Tully gave me the part of *Maya* in 'The Flame,' and now I'm an Indian girl who lives at the bottom of a well and helps the lovers of the play out of their difficulties and does all sorts of interesting things. But what has made me happiest of all is that several managers have made me flattering offers for new parts, and not one of them is Irish! But all I want just now is to go on playing *Maya* for as far into the future as I can see. And having demonstrated that I can play another kind of girl I think I want my next part to be an Irish girl again!"

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

The East-West Players, who presented a series of one act playlets at the Berkeley Theatre last spring, have already begun rehearsing for their productions this season. In addition to a revival of "The Stranger" and "Night," they are planning to produce "The Awakening of Narradin," by Gustav Blum and Elias Lieberman. This is an Oriental fantasy based upon an Arabian Nights' tale. Music, which will serve as an interpretative commentary throughout, has been composed by Walter R. Johnson. The organization is an experiment in cooperative management and includes in its number, besides actors, many ambitious playwrights, artists and musicians.

One day last week a new speed record was established by the Packard Theatrical Exchange when that firm, through its dramatic department (Ada Humbert, manager), closed contracts with the following players, who will form the Jewett stock company, playing in the Copley Theatre, Boston: Leonard Gray, Cameron Matthews, Leonard Craske, Elizabeth Mersen, Isabel Mersen, Gladys Morris, Fred Permain, Arthur Dennison, Jessamine Newcombe and Lionel Glenister. Henry Jewett will direct the players, presenting a repertoire of high class plays, including several Shakespearian productions.

Other engagements negotiated through the Packard Theatrical Exchange last week were those of Will Howell, Will Nicholson, Herbert Charles, Gerald Pring and Gilberta Faust, with the "Ben Hur" company; Hans Du Mont, Carl Axzell, Carl Deitz, Paul Cazeuneuve and Suzanne Jackson, with "A Delicate Situation"; Frances Stamford, Laura Walker, Jennie Dickerson and Eugene Dingens, with "Where the Rooster Crows"; Muriel Hope, Loretta Wells and Kay Carleton, with "Everywoman"; J. H. Greene and Jack Daley, with "Hit the Trail Holliday"; Louise Emery and Eric Blind, with the Winthrop Ames play "Hush!"; William J. Kane, Jules Jordan, Billy Dickson, Jess Dandy, John Shayne, Wright Kramer and Irving Cummings, with "Object, Matrimony"; Robert Frazer and Elsa Rizer, with the "Rio Grande"; Eugene O'Rourke, Jennie Weathersby, Martin Mann, with Cyril Maude's company, now rehearsing "Jess"; Juliette Day, Alfred Hesse and Arthur Elliott, with "Up Stairs and Down"; Edwin Mordaunt, Jack Ellis and Jerome Renner, with "The Fear Market"; Harry Hollingsworth, with Blanche Ring's company; Julie Herne and Daniel Jarret, Jr., with Claude Gillingwater's vaudeville sketch, and Jane Houston, Alison Skipworth, Helen Meinken and Mary Worth, in John Drew's company, now rehearsing "Pendennis."

Yvette Guilbert will appear again next season at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in a series of recitals to be given twice a week during November and December on Sunday evenings and Friday afternoons. While the Sunday recitals, called "Les Veillees Francaise," will be vocal and musical, the Friday afternoons, called "Les Matinees Parisiennes," will have a literary character. Mme Guilbert will be assisted by Prof Jean Beck of Bryn Mawr College and Clayton Hamilton, who will help her audience to a better comprehension of her offerings. The first recital will take place Friday afternoon, November 3.

Elit Gergely, the Hungarian actress who succeeded Mitzi Hajos in "Sari" on tour some seasons ago, will have an important role in "Her Soldier Boy," the new Shubert musical play now in rehearsal. Miss Gergely is a native of Budapest and came to this country when a little girl. She made her debut on the stage at the Irving Place Theatre and remained there several seasons, playing all kinds of parts from emotional drama to musical comedy. She made her first appearance on the English speaking stage in "Sari." Last season she was seen on tour in Andreas Dippel's production of "Princess Tra-La-La."

"I thought I would like to play a season on the Continental stage," said Miss Gergely, "and signed a contract to appear with a famous company in Munich. But I got no further than Berlin when I became homesick for America and I returned. My foreign ambitions are forever conquered."

CONCERNING AN AUTHOR.

Facts About Mr. Goodman, Who Doesn't Get Plays From Trunk.

There's one thing sure about Jules Eckert Goodman, and that is that any play of his sold to a suspicious manager and produced for an unsuspecting public will never be a juvenile product. He has no manuscripts dating back to the days before Success gave him the glad hand. It will never be said of him, Mr. Goodman promises, what was said of a recent production when some one asked: "Where did Blank (the playwright) ever get this play?" and a cynical manager replied, "I think he just turned his trunk upside down and it fell out." Mr. Goodman has no trunk, not of that kind.

The author of "The Man Who Came Back," which William A. Brady will produce at the Playhouse this Wednesday evening, has written many plays, of course, quite a few of them destined never to be produced, in addition to those which, like "Mother" and "Treasure Island," brought him fame and fortune, but the "efforts" are no more. All that remains is a [illegible] amount of technique which Mr. Goodman learned in writing them.

What became of them? Here is the story. Mr. Goodman, after graduating from Harvard—where he did [illegible] the playwriting course—came down to New York with several plays he had written. But he did not sell them. Instead, to pay his room rent he secured a job on a magazine, several magazines, in fact. During off hours he added to that [illegible] plays in his trunk. Then one day [illegible] was earning at this time the [illegible] of $8 a week, reading stories for a magazine—he sold one of the plays. A few days later he sold another [illegible] within two weeks he had sold [illegible] Whereupon the young author went back to the office of that magazine, resigned his job and [illegible] on to his hall bedroom. There he gathered up every script except those of the three plays sold, carried the whole bunch down to the furnace and burned them.

And that was a comparatively recent happening, since Mr. Goodman began to draw royalty checks only a few years ago. He seems to be able to provide enough up to date [illegible] matters stand now, without [illegible] the hazy past. "Treasure Island," dramatized a year ago from the Stevenson novel, and that ran [illegible] the season at the Punch and Judy Theatre. After it was under way he began work on a drama, "The Man Who Came Back," founding it on a story by John Fleming Wilson, which appeared in McClure's Magazine last spring that was done and [illegible] William A. Brady. Then Mr. Goodman went to work on a comedy with Montague Glass, dealing with Jewish business life, not a continuation of the Potash and Perlmutter series, of a similar nature. This comedy was sold to Mr. Brady during the summer. And there's another play in the offing.

"The Man Who Came Back" will be produced by Mr. Brady at the Playhouse Wednesday evening. Thursday morning rehearsals will start for the Glass-Goodman comedy and after that will come the [illegible] play. Evidently, with so much [illegible] Mr. Goodman could afford to [illegible] his old scripts.

MOTION PICTURES.

STRAND—Marie Doro in "The Lash," by Paul West, will be presented as the picture of the [illegible] Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the New York Zoological [illegible] will lecture on evolution in connection with his motion [illegible] of the intimate life of animals.

RIALTO—William S. Hart will be featured in "The Return of 'Draw' Egan." Charlie Chaplin in his latest comedy, "The Pawn Shop," will be an added attraction of the programme.

BROADWAY—Pauline Frederick in "Ashes of Embers" [illegible] Forrest Halsey, will be the feature picture of the week. Other subjects on the programme [illegible] Charlie Chaplin in "The Pawn Shop."

NEW YORK—Monday and Tuesday Charlie Chaplin in "The Pawn Shop" will be the [illegible] at Loew's New York Theatre and Roof. Another attraction Monday will be "The [illegible] Wall," with Nell Shipman.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Valeska Suratt in "The [illegible] Way," a drama in which she plays an important part, will begin a four days run [illegible] Sunday, at William Fox's Academy of Music. Miss Suratt is supported by Herbert Heyes, [illegible] White and Claire Whitney.